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Subject: **504**

RAN (HO) 27002 PETTY OFFICER RADIO MECHANIC PETER GLOVER'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SERVICE. (Mainly from memory)

During school days in 1942 it was always a question of which Service to join. I had passed the entrance exam to Royal Australian College at Jervis Bay in 1938 but was disqualified after I suffered a broken leg and could not make the physical exam as fit. New Guinea mud ruled the army out and doubt as to qualifying as a Pilot all pointed to Navy. School finished December 1942 then weighing wheat for Co-operative Bulk Handling at Corrigin WA until January 1943. Thence by rail trolley to Spencer's Brook and train to Northam. My maternal Grandmother's house there was base as both parents were in the Army and we had no house of our own.

Northam to Perth by train to volunteer and have medical for RAN Service. Back to Northam by train to wait call up.

25th February 1943 as not 18 years old until April sworn in at HMAS Leeuwin as Ordinary Seaman 2'd Class. Issued with hammock, bedding but no uniform. Warned by duty Petty Officer to be careful if any three badge able seaman plied me with favours? Two days later boarded troop train bound for HMAS Cerberus at Crib Point.

The steam train to Melbourne usually took 7 days. Navy lower deck personal usually travelled eight in a four berth compartment. The Army and RAAF travelled in cattle trucks with straw palliasses! Floods on Nullarbor Plain

caused a delay at Army transit camp at Parkston Rail Junction of Western Australian narrow and Commonwealth standard gauge tracks. Lived in army style in tents surrounded by mud. Meals during train journey were served at water stops, cooked in mobile army kitchens carried on flat top wagons. Prepared food was transferred to ground level and served into tin plate which together with knife, fork spoon and dixie had been issued to everyone before boarding train. Sleeping arrangement were draw for bunks,
luggage rack, floor and corridor last. Changed trains to South Australian broad gauge at Port Pirie. Navy were not controlled by army so were able to taxi to Brown's Hotel for a shower, steak and eggs then back to train which usually was at least an hour transferring goods. Adelaide in time to catch "Overland Express" overnight to Melbourne to arrive at Spencer's Street Station next morning, hand in mess gear and onto Flinders' Street to catch train to Crib Point arriving by mid afternoon. At last we were there, issued with rest of kit which was mustered after marking with own name stamp, shown to our mess and met our Class Petty Officer. Initial Training in RANR started next morning with early morning PT. Senior Schoolmaster Lieutenant "Beau" Guest checked each one of us out for educational standard. No University Degrees. I was only one having passed Leaving Standard and most others had not passed Junior Standard.

As an Ordinary Seaman 2nd Class I was not allowed ashore for first leave because the required letter from my guarantor in Melbourne had not been received in time. (The letter did arrive in time for second leave.) However I did get to see Melbourne when all the rest went on first leave as class was included in a train load of Navy sent

to march lunch time Friday down Collins Street with Army, RAAF and US Marines for the War Loan Rally. Everyone was out of step until the US Marine Band struck up “Hi there Mister You had better watch your Sister the Fleets in Town". Afterwards back to HMAS Cerberus with those on the duty watch.

During the three-week parade ground drill Lieutenant Guest interviewed me. As a result I was transferred to HMAS Lonsdale Port Melbourne on 19th April 1943 for entry into Class 21 of Radio Mechanics' Course at Melbourne Technical College after being raised to Ordinary Seaman on 10th April 1943.

During week's wait for school to commence one of several sent on temporary draft to HMAS Quiberon alongside wharf near Maribyrnong to sort fire damaged gear in Petty Officers' Mess. All crew were on leave having just returned from duty in
Middle East. Ship was on auxiliary power dark and dirty and we had to “find our own rations” which was a new experience. I had to sleep aboard as not enough cash to go ashore until payday

Back to muster at HMAS Lonsdale as one of Class 21. To Melbourne Technical College at top of Swanson Street near city Baths in an open truck. Issued with school needs and met Mr Hehir Radio Theory Teacher and Joe "Solder" Teacher of practical soldering (after we had first made our own small soldering iron filed from square section copper bar fitted with mild steel rod to connect to it handle provided.) as well as other "hands on" practical work and the teller of "dirty" jokes.

Our main Lecturer Room was in partly constructed "Campbell's Buildings'.Concrete floors, no window frames yet fitted and not connected to electricity. Classroom furniture only consisted of tables and chairs plus blackboard. It was cold so we all soon had found a block of wood for under our feet plus a drum for a class room fire fuelled by wood from around the building.

Normal Naval day routine started at HMAS Lonsdale. To school in truck after 0800 muster for 0900 start. Lunchtime 1200 to 1300. One shilling a day lunch money extra pay added to Ordinary Seaman's five or was it three shillings a day to cover this expense. Lunch usually required a tram to Collins Street and depending upon cash in hand a pie or sandwich with cup of tea for a shilling but if required to pay one penny tram fare each way exceeded daily allowance so at end of pay period resorted to mince on toast at Scots Church Canteen for six pence. We usually managed to dodge conductor when tram was crowded.

School for the afternoon was from 1300 to 1545, then to HMAS Lonsdale for afternoon tea before a Physical Training Session in the gymnasium. The technique of climbing up a rope had to be mastered. This has since proved very useful.

Going to HMAS Lonsdale in open truck cat calls were the order of the day - "ginger" for Red Heads. Also one particular chap who was always standing outside a workshop being bald was "curly".

Evening meal at 1800 was stew followed by tinned fruit with custard. The stew many nights consisted of rabbits

cut in three plus potato, onion and cabbage dished up as "head"-"guts"-"bum" depending on your luck of the serve.

Homework occupied 1900 to 2100 before lights out at 2200. At 2100 those who wished could go ashore to sleep with leave approval to report next morning at school. Melbourne natives went home some non natives to Navy House I stayed aboard.

The school week was Monday to Friday with Saturday and Sunday leave. Jack Doherty was a character in the class who told shaggy dog stories. He once caused a stir on a Collins Street train by donning his gas mask causing several people to scream. He did not pass his exams.
Weekend activities revolved about Navy House Hospitality Invitations, a Saturday night dance in a hall on Collins Street and Sunday afternoon at The Power House dance at Albert Park Lake where the US Marine Big Band played. It was open to all Services and was free admission. Dancing partners came from the local areas. I once joined a group accepting the invitation for four sailors to be picked up by car to play billiards at a home in Toorak. Drinks in the billiard room during several games of billiards with the man of the house. As it was the maid's night off the Lady of the house prepared and served a great spread for supper. After supper we were driven back to Navy House.

After the final exams a farewell dinner was held on 15th September 1943 at Butleigh Wooton Kew. (Editor’s note: See copy of menu and attendees names elsewhere in this book).

There were US Personal H.J. Grabowski, B.E. Sandlin and H.E. Fullerton in the class. ( ). They were learning radio maintenance as were destined to join the Coast Watch operating under cover in the then held Japanese territory of New Guinea and Philippines. All three may have been killed in service.

All the Navy men who passed exams held after six months at Melbourne Technical College went to HMAS Cerberus as Seaman (Round Rig was still our dress of the day) for further training before becoming, a Radio Mechanic(W).

At HMAS Cerberus 24th October 1943 until 17th November 1943 for general Naval Routine Training, Gunnery (Commander Otto Beecher), Signals etc as Ordinary Seaman.18th November 1943 signed on as Radio Mechanic (W) for "2 years or the duration and six months thereafter" in RAN (HO) (Service records to this date are RANR but no F service number shown only RAN 27002) 19th November promoted to Leading Radio Mechanic (W) and issued with "pusser's" square rig and moved to Petty Officers' Mess. Assigned some Duty PO duties such as early morning shakes (even if some three badge PO could ring more sea water out of his socks than we had ever seen). One learnt the need for lemonade next morning after a session on "Murphy's White Flash". Instruction continued.

On 16"' December drafted to HMAS Rushcutter Sydney. Class was required to live out while attending HMA Radio School South Head later HMAS Watson. Eight of us secured one room at the Service Hostel 44 Macleay

Street Kings Cross. All gear kept under your bed and a few inches between beds requiring tolerance when moving about. A tram ride to South Head Terminus then a walk to HMA Radio School. Again the school day 0900 to 1545 thence leave to find an evening meal. Lunch was usually at Watson Bay Tea rooms/baths and if weather suitable a swim before returning to our lessons.

After some time at Macleay Street Ray Findlay and self found accommodation at a house in North Bondi-dinner bed and breakfast sharing a room. This address allowed us to swim at Bondi before dinner at 6PM. On Monday mornings we played poker using tram ticket numbers to see who paid fares for rest of week.

At weekends everyone went their own way. For my part I usually stayed in Neutral Bay with Ken and Joyce McLeod-Bolton. Ken was a WW1 Veteran and President of North Sydney RSL where we went most Saturday nights to the dance and afterwards to the Neutral Bay Club with the two Williams girls to party around their piano. Their father Hilton was Club Manager.

Several Saturday lunches at Arron's Hotel in company with an Army chap Bert Jewell who had lost a leg in Middle East and the Williams girls. Bert had an "in" with head waiter so always had a good table and a bottle or two of Reche's Pilsener.
Pilsner.(then very scarce) Sunday at Bolton's then back to North Bondi by ferry and train.

18th March 1944 passed exams to be granted Non-Substantive Rate of Leading Radio Mechanic (W) in set types A286P9 (10cm wave length Surface Warning Set

manufactured by AWA in Sydney Australia) and A272 (Air Warning designed to
have a range of some 70 miles) both fitted in Australian made Corvettes.

At graduation muster at HMA Radio School Lieutenant Gloury addressed all the class and asked each of us whether we would prefer to go to sea or to a shore establishment depending on our marks. I was a little hesitant about answering but chose sea. (To learn much later I nearly finished on shore draft). Next was a draft to Draft Pool at HMAS Rushcutter to await arrival of HMAS Fremantle on 28th March 1944. During wait worked in research laboratory under Sub Lieutenant Medley (Bachelor of Science/Physics if I remember correctly) who was working on improvements to the 10 cm wavelength “Magnetron" Valve as fitted to the A286 set.

Sent to Sick Bay to request “Two in one arm, One in the other" being the required inoculations before joining HMAS Fremantle which had berthed at Garden Island en-route from Darwin to Melbourne for a refit.

So to sea suffering effects of inoculations to find Radar sets not operating up to standard nor held in high regard as no Mechanic had previously been in crew. RAN Leading Telephonist not trained in Radar and not interested. He warned me to keep out of his W/T Room which I did. Not yet aged nineteen found me in Petty Officers' Mess as a Leading hand with all the other members over thirty years of age. Spike the “Buffer" had already served for over 20 years as had "Dutchy" Holland the Chief Stoker Petty Officer. “Dutchy" had

done his 20 year time after which he had run a pub at Dimboola in the Snowy Mountains area and was Canteen Manager. Lou the able Seaman mess man delighted in putting a tin of Crusader Milk on his head and pretending to be the 286 radar set whenever I came into the mess. I missed a few meals on the way to Melbourne.
Leave from Melbourne so back across the desert to Perth and back.

After returning from leave managed with the help of a shore based mechanic to fix sets so as to operate more efficiently after replacing the 286 "Magnetron", drying and sealing the 272 coaxial cable and the like. The six radar operators had joined the ship in Darwin from Operator Training School. As sets had not worked efficiently did not have a good standing with rest of crew. "Ping" was battling to cope with Asdic and the skipper Lieutenant Commander Norm Bolton yet to be convinced of Radar's reliability.

Refit completed so back to sea headed for the Darwin to Thursday Island Convoy Run at second degree of readiness with night and day air cover. Called at Cairns for fuel. No drinking glasses in pubs so drank out of a bean tin if you did not have a "Lady Blamey" (a cut off beer bottle). Pubs only open between 1600 and 1800. Canteen Fund financed purchase of several dozen glasses for mess deck plus records for radio. However the record purchase was six copies of "Paper Doll" which the purchaser played when ever he could until they were all broken quite some time later.

The run between Darwin and Thursday Island as escort,

at second degree of readiness, for mainly tankers supplying oil to US Pacific Fleet, Army and Air Force continued for several months of 1944.

At Thursday Island our Petty Officers' mess was able to have the ration of "3 bottles of spirits per man per month" drawn by the Australian Army Water Transport Sergeants' Mess where we all spent many enjoyable evenings. As we were able as a seagoing vessel to draw fresh fruit and vegetables in Darwin some of these were always reserved for the Water Transport Mess who were on "hard tack".

One army man who always over imbibed would declare when it was time for us to leave "time flies said the monkey as he threw the alarm clock out the window" as he threw an old alarm clock out the window. The clock was always returned inside.

RAAF pranks when changing from daylight patrol to night patrol once resulted in one unfortunate pilot when "attacking" the other plane, which went into a dive, being unable to pull out of his because he was under the other plane's dive path just disappeared below only leaving an oil slick on the sea a few hundred yards from our ship.

In Darwin a regular job was to work on the 272 coaxial cable at the top of the mast so as to drive out the moisture using a blow lamp until the resistance reading was near ‟infinity" and reseal the cable with "tar". On one occasion a RAAF Spitfire "buzzed" me and so it was "hang on tight" to avoid being sucked off by the slip stream and relying on the safety belt to prevent falling.

The skipper put a stop to that practice.

Towards the end of 1944 the regular "second degree of readiness" convoys to Thursday Island were replaced by escort duties and no air cover. They were sometimes replaced by navigation duties using ASDIC and accumulated knowledge on courses to escort mainly tankers from outside Darwin through the Clarence and Dundas Straits and vice versa as up to date charts for these straits were not generally available. The wait for the next return ship enabled us to anchor in a bay near Cape Don and to go ashore. Fishing from the motor boat using hand grenades once resulted in a turtle being landed. Using Crusader milk from whaler's emergency supplies (needed replacing every so often) Harry Bow the ex peacetime Kanimbla cook made a great Turtle Soup for all the crew. The shooting party once brought back a buffalo which until we caught about a half ton of mackerel East of Bibby Lighthouse near Thursday Island was better than bully beef. The buffalo had to be thrown over the side as fridge would not hold both buffalo and fish.

Sharks in Thursday Island harbour were always around. "Dutchy'' was the fisherman. Using a cod line with a 44 gallon drum at the end from which a hook and bait was suspended once a 14 foot shark was hooked. It took over four hours to bring it aboard by means of a depth charge lifting davit.

A tow job taking a barge for BHP from Darwin to drop it at Koolan Island in Yampi Sound and then to Onslow before returning to Darwin using the inside course along the Kimberley coast in late 1944 provided a change.

The barge was delivered right to a BHP mooring point attached to the cliff at the water level of Koolan Island. No road access to the island had by then been made as Iron ore mining had not commenced. However we were able to see where it was said a Japanese ship had been alongside and mined iron ore directly into its hold. On the voyage from Derby to Onslow one afternoon a big school of dolphins came alongside the ship. Some just "leaned" on the ship's side at bow waterline so as to be pushed along, others surfed in the bow wave and others raced ahead. At intervals they changed their position with others. These fifty or so Dolphins made a great show.

Before Onslow was reached we had to weather a cyclone by steaming into the sea at a speed to prevent waves breaking over the ship. The height of the waves, both forward and aft, when the ship was in a trough were above the bridge. It was quite an experience.

At Onslow to fuel alongside allowed a visit to the pub reached by jetty train. Pub's stock of spirits was good. Skipper gave UK to accept spirits aboard to take down South (beer and spirits there were both scarce.) provided they were "Bonded" until we eventually reached Brisbane for the refit and leave. This was done and no one erred.

Onslow was also a fuelling station for USN Submarines coming or going to Fremantle or Albany from a tour of duty around "East Indies" now Indonesia or the North Indian Ocean. A drama occurred when a few crew of Submarine had landed a four dozen case of "Crystal Bitter" beer (brewed in Geraldton and sold at pub) on

submarine's deck and endeavouring to get it below. At this moment Submarine's Skipper appeared and with out ceremony pushed case of beer overboard! The locals immediately started a salvage operation before our duty watch could be mustered.

Returning to Darwin on ASDIC patrol from Onslow needed to fuel at Derby. Because of tide speed into King Sound full steam at sixteen knots plus tide resulted in a ship speed of some twenty six knots. At Derby tied up alongside the merchantman we were to escort to Darwin.

Train ride from wharf to stop nearest '`Spinifex Hotel" only to find "beer is off" as someone had broken a window. No worry, barman armed with hammer calmly removed three boards from a beer case nailed them across window as a perfect fit and "beer on". Derby was then a frontier town.

Stoker Durkin did not show for his first watch out of Derby. It turned out he was drunk and causing a disturbance when crossing merchantman's deck to board so someone put him under an upside down one hundred gallon galvanised iron tank from whence he appeared about thirty six hours later. Signal said "We have your Stoker Durkin" reply "Put him to work until he is able return to his ship in Darwin".

The weather from Derby was overcast all the way so no navigational sun or star shots able to be taken. Merchant Skipper was in charge and our skipper after five days was very worried as to accuracy of our position. In daylight 272 Radar reported land quite a

distance straight ahead! As sets had not worked efficiently did not have a good standing with rest of crew. "Ping" was battling to cope with Asdic and the skipper Lieutenant Commander Norm Bolton yet to be convinced of Radar's reliability. The 286 Radar was started and sure enough the outline of Point Blaze came up not far away. Needless to say our Skipper took command corrected course and we reached Darwin safely. Radar earned a "brownie point".

A trip to Port Essington with an Australian Army Brigadier and his batman provided a variation. The aim was to find the remains of the abandoned town of Victoria which had been established in eighteen hundreds. On the high tide the motor boat and whaler under sail and then oars took the party (including me) right up the tidal creek while the ship anchored in deep water to wait for the low tide. Everyone very amused when after wading ashore the Brigadier sat on a log and proceeded assisted by his ever attentive batman to remove his wading shoes, dry and powder his feet, before putting on his marching boots. Before the Brigadier was back on his feet one of our party had located the remains of the buildings and graves. After many photos and more searching and sketching of site Brigadier gave the order to "return to ship". It was easier said than done. A few yards from shore the motor boat stopped. The engine had seized due to the water intake sucking in seaweed as the boat had bottomed on the tidal mud. The Brigadier transferred to the whaler which was pushed into deep water and sailed back to ship. I stayed with motor boat to await high tide to clear seaweed and hopefully get engine to start. Arriving back at the ship at 2am clad only in shorts and shirt and

freezing cold the three of us were greeted at the gangway by the Duty Officer and Engineer Officer Williams who then dispensed a "tot" of Wardroom Rum all round. Xmas day 1944 started at sea bound for Darwin after a navigational run East through the Clarence and Dundas Straits. Soon after dawn the ship hove to. As I was not watch keeping I was in shore party to land and to bring back a large branch of a tree. This was fine except to be attacked by a mass of sand flies caused some distress lasting until some time later. Later on Xmas 1944 morning with the branch secured to our mast we steamed into Darwin in grand style.

The aboard Xmas day church service was conducted by the visiting Padre who brought his collapsible organ. This was played by one of our crew and helped the hymn singing. A great Xmas Dinner followed with the Officers waiting on tables set
up on after deck. Beer rations had been saved and were dispensed from fridge accordingly. One of the crew commandeered the organ and made it “jump” with all the popular tunes until well into the evening. A very happy day was had by all.

An escort of a ship with a cargo of equipment to build the RAAF Airstrip on Melville Island to and from Darwin resulted in five days anchored off Snake Bay Mission before the return voyage. The Mission supplied the ship with bags of oysters, braces of wild duck and fish. One evening the crew were invited ashore to attend a Corroboree. On another day we played their team Australian Rules football. Also some were taken shooting. The mission had formed a RAN Reserve Group of Locals. RAN had supplied uniforms, rifles and radio

contact with Darwin so this group could be a Coast Watch Team for early warning of approaching Japanese Aircraft headed for Darwin. The Corroboree was about air raids on Darwin. The first act by four actors acted out the scene where two were lying down reading books and not paying any attention which enabled the other two each with arms out like an aeroplane to attack drop their bombs and leave before the other two could retaliate. The second act was just the reverse. The two who had been lying down were now keeping a lookout saw the approaching aeroplanes so these two took off as aeroplanes in time to engage the attackers in a dog fight and send them on their way.

An emergency occurred when one of our crew in the shooting party accidentally discharged his 303 rifle into his groin. One of the accompanying RAN Mission men then ran some miles to report the accident. As urgent medical help was required ships' radio silence was authorised to be broken so a coded signal could be sent. The Leading Telegraphist was unable to obtain a response from the ship's transmitter. Hearing of this I offered to help which was accepted. Together we found a foreign object had fallen onto the radio wave output line and was shorting out the radio signals. Once this was removed the transmitter was on the air and a doctor and aircraft requested from Darwin. The crew member survived but I believe suffered a limp for life.

About the fourth day of our stay some of us visited the airstrip construction site which was a little way from the Mission in virgin timbered country. The timber by then had been cleared and the runway in process of being formed and graded. All the equipment in use had been

that unloaded from the escorted ship and supplies were still being unloaded. Many men women and children from the Mission were all happily in line across the strip picking up roots and sticks as part of the construction process.

On the Sunday the ship gave an afternoon tea party for the Mission Folk. As they boarded each received either a bar of chocolate or a tin of Log Cabin Tobacco. Big pots of tea, a bag of sugar and several oven trays of cake followed the conducted tour of the ship. The joy and amazement of these simple people was heart warming. A complete mystery as to where the other person was actually located was created by the voice pipe conversation between the bridge and engine room.

At the suggestion of the Rev Gribble, who was in charge of the mission, a star shell was fired from the four inch gun. First there was a trial run with explanation during which there was much laughing and talk by the onlookers. The gun was then fired and deadly silence fell after the bang. After about half a minute one of the women pinched another on the arm. She shouted something and then bedlam broke out. It appears they all thought they were dead after the gun was fired. A happy day was had by all.

On one return voyage from Thursday Island to Darwin everything that could go wrong with radar equipment went wrong. The 276 aerial stopped rotating so up the mast, the 286 Magnetron needed changing, resistors burnt out and operators complained they had lost echoes of ship being escorted. I did not see my hammock for five days. As when I had a few minutes

respite "crashed" on cushions in chartroom which was opposite the radar cabin. The final straw was when ship closed up to enter Darwin Harbour the reading lamp in the radar cabin blew! Needless to say I slept for the first day in Darwin.

At sea, when weather was calm as it could be for several days, Crib competitions were often run over several days. These were played in the afternoon on deck with teams from every mess and the Wardroom. Another time it was very rough all the way and I was seasick to the extent that 1 eventually vomited green bile over the side between fixing a fault. This was the time I also lost my Onoto Fountain Pen (very special then) out of my top shirt pocket. One other crew member just collapsed onto the deck in the waist area where water washed over him. He lay there for the rest of the voyage. If anyone offered to help he tried to throw a punch. He was a gunnery rating which at that time was in short supply! Eventually the Skipper was able to convince the Naval Board he suffered chronic seasickness and to draft him ashore for good.
One of the "pink advices" from the Admiralty ordered a change in the IFF code (identification friend or foe). This advised code was different to the code of the US Seventh Fleet to which we were attached. Just as well the British Fleet did not turn up until this mistake corrected, needless to say our code was not changed. A dental appointment with the Commander Dental Surgeon in Darwin to ascertain the cause of an intermittent tooth ache resulted in the necessity to have a wisdom tooth removed. This was done by a Sub Lieutenant Dental Surgeon just out of Sydney Dental School. He used a carpenter's chisel and mallet to

remove the bone impaction around my tooth. The mallet blow was bone rattling!

Films in Darwin were available ashore and on other ships. One particular night watching a film sitting on a hatch of a Liberty ship the tropical rain was so heavy we were unable to clearly see the screen. A rain cape and cap half kept one dry. It was an enjoyable film.

After Xmas 1944 we proceeded South for the annual refit in Evans Deakin Dockyard Brisbane. To Perth by train required three all night sitting up before the Nullarbor trip arriving after four changes of rail gauge for two weeks leave and then train return to Brisbane.

Our new station was Biak North of the Equator. At the crossing of the Equator King Neptune and his Bears came aboard to initiated any of the crew new to his Northern domain. The voyage from Brisbane included calls at Port Moresby, Ribaud, Manus (chesterfield cigarettes, tinned fruit juice and USN Jeans), Finschafen Wewak (to drop off an Army barge towed from one of the previous ports. The army were still engaging the Japanese and from the sea we could see the front line half way up the mountain which came down to the beach. The army had previously landed on this beach) before reaching Biak and anchoring in the deep water lagoon.

The greeting signal was ‟When are you painting you ship the correct colour?" as by this time it was showing the time spent at sea. The dockyard paint colour had not been updated probably because of security as to where the ship was bound.

The US Air Force Base on Biak was a hive of activity. A plane was either landing or taking of about every minute twenty four hours of the day. Also here was a plane graveyard which we frequented to salvage the window Perspex (some made brooches from it). I also salvaged electrical cable, aluminium tube and reading lights. Boiler cleans in the isolated Meios Woendi lagoon. We could see the anchor at the end of twenty fathoms of chain sitting on pure white sand. This was a picture post card tropical island with a clean white sand shore lined with palms. There was a small native settlement. The natives visited using outrigger canoes trading coconuts and "cats' eyes". Every morning one trader would sail to the Petty Officers' mess porthole with his cry of "cat eye dollar". A pest so one unkind crew member gave him a squirt with the fire hose. The pest got the message and departed in his outrigger canoe cursing as he paddled.

One day at Biak when I returned to the landing having been ashore to a USAF Store to obtain a valve for the mess deck radio I saw my ship steaming out of the lagoon!

The coxswain of the motor boat from the HMAS Junee informed me it was a submarine alarm raised by the RAAF, all ships to sea and I was to board Junee. Aboard Junee I was a supernumerary and the Radar Mechanic, whose name I am unable to recall, found me a blanket and stretcher so I was able to sleep on deck out of harms way. The crew were at action stations. In the night I was awoken by the noise of the main forward gun firing a star shell! The whole area was lit up to

expose from the pitch black night several ships including the HMAS Kanimbla filled with troops. It was said the Junee skipper was "Trigger Happy'' and previously worked in a pickle factory. At dawn "the submarine" was located on the horizon and on closer inspection it was seen to be a very large log with a branch pointing upwards so as to give the appearance of a submarine. On return to anchor in Biak I was able to rejoin my ship and install the valve in the mess deck radio.

Just before the land assault on Tarakan in Borneo we operated from Morotai. As Boom Defence Vessel on the day the assault armada which had formed in Morotai Harbour departed each of the ships, landing barges and other assorted craft all filled to capacity with men and armaments passed within a few yards. It was evening before the last one passed.

In July 1944 1 was drafted to HMAS Leeuwin (Radar Base) and my relief arrived soon after. On 27th At Biak on July 1944 I disembarked from HMAS Fremantle armed with a Priority Three Travel Warrant reported to the RAAF Transport Officer at the air strip. I was soon aboard a DC4 seated on a bench which backed onto the aircraft side fuselage as were the other service personal from all services. A soldier lay in the aisle on a stretcher in underpants as he had a tropical skin rash from head to toe and was being bathed with a solution all the time. The pilot ,Allan Jacobs, had been in the same class as me at Northam High School. The flight over Dutch New Guinea to the overnight stop at Merauke enabled one to see down into the deep valleys that formed part of the Owen Stanley Range, where isolated villages existed. At

this time very few visitors would have been to these inaccessible locations. Next day a daylight take-off to fuel at Higgins Field Cape York. Next overnight stop reached by dusk was Townsville. Here learned that I was on the next day flight to Brisbane but then it was overnight train to Sydney where if I arranged it with Railway Transport Officer on arrival I should report to Mascot Airport to fly to Adelaide. This I did and I was then able to spend the night with friends at Manly as one of them offered to drive me to Mascot to arrive there by 0600. I was given a seat as before in a DC4 and the flight was direct to Adelaide. NSW had received some very heavy rain so once over the Blue Mountains one could see water for miles. After landing at the RAAF Parafield airstrip assigned a bed in Sergeant's Mess. The mess had a great number of RAF men who were making the most of it so a party was the order of the evening. As it was near the end of the month the drink of the night was Advocaat & Cherry Brandy as stocks of other drinks were finished until the next month. At 0600 next morning I joined the queue for Perth in the RAAF hanger. A young RAAF Airman who only had five days of leave was in front of me but his travel priority was such that he really did not qualify for a seat. I explained I was on draft
and another day would not make any difference so RAAF Transport Officer gave him the last seat.

It was a repeat party performance that night. The following morning I was allotted a seat and took off for Perth with a stop for fuel at Forrest. Arriving in Perth without any white shirts, as they were in my kit bag which was coming by train from Sydney, I wore a sleeveless pullover back to front under my square rig.

Also I was told I had to "live out" which presented a problem as both my parents were in the Army away from Perth and they no longer had a house anywhere. I contacted an Aunt of mine who was in Perth who then arranged for a friend of hers to offerer (sic) me a bed. Their flat was in "Fairway" Nedlands on Stirling Highway so convenient transport to the Naval Store in Shuffrey Street Fremantle where I was stationed.

The Royal Navy was mustering a fleet from ships on the Atlantic Station to send to the Pacific. Shuffrey Street was full of new Tropic Proofed RN Radar sets. The Atlantic ships' radar sets were not tropic proofed so the plan was to exchange them at Fremantle for tropic proofed ones in Shuffrey Street before sailing onto the Pacific Station.

I joined the team consisting of several other Radar Mechanics, an Able Seaman come storeman, a WRAN Clerk all under Lieutenant Burnell. Our job was to set up each set and ensure it ran free of faults for a period and then it was repacked. During the run time most of us made foreigners. In my case I designed and made a broadcast band radio housed in a polished cabinet made from "masonite". Lieutenant Burnell whose family owned a radio shop in Queen Street Perth was a good source of parts. In return we helped to paint his car. He also would take us at lunch time to Port Beach for a swim whilst the sets were running to test their endurance.

The Atomic bombs were dropped after which VP day came, the RN did not come, so we were out of a job, so we thought. However it was "ships in reserve" next

stop.

Again I joined a team consisting of a Supply PO, myself as Radar Mechanic, a Leading Torpedo man, an ERA plus several seamen all with a Corvette Skipper in command. The ships were tied up alongside the one jetty at Garden Island which had been used as a RN Submarine Base during the war and now HMAS Stirling. The ships were on auxiliary power so generally were "dead", cold and dark. Our task was to run equipment according to a schedule so as to maintain all in operational order. The boilers were also being cleaned. We were 48 hours on 48 hours off. We commuted to Fremantle or Perth sometime via Rockingham in a small motor boat then bus. On days when skipper came aboard by motor launch from Fremantle we returned to Robb's Jetty in the motor launch. then bus to Fremantle and or Perth.

Once on arriving at Rockingham we were advised by the locals that a "German" was hiding in the sand hills. We investigated and located the man who was a German officer. He had escaped from a POW camp nearby but he did not know the Pacific War was over. He gave himself up and was handed over to police. As I had gained entrance to University of WA at the 1942 Leaving Examinations and war had ended I decided to write to the Drafting Officer at South Head (HMAS Watson) requesting a replacement and discharge. The reply was a draft to the Radar Pool at HMAS Watson 15th March 1946. Someone from the drafting office became my replacement! He was a native of Fremantle.

After another train trip across the Nullarbor back at HMAS Watson. Whilst in the pool awaiting a draft we

were kept occupied and lived in but able to go ashore when not rostered for duty watch. At this time the game "Puff Ball" was all the rage. It was played by two teams like football on the ping pong table with a ping pong ball being blown by mouth during play. (rules after time escape me but 'off the table" was a lost point). Watson had become much more ‟Pusser" than when I was first there.

I was drafted to HMAS Arunta and joined on 16`ʳ' April 1946. This ship a Tribal Class Destroyer had just arrived back from a tour of duty in Japan and its war service with the US Seventh Fleet. It was at Garden Island Dockyard in refit. All the old crew had been drafted off the ship to other ships or demobilised. For me it was back to Perth by train for leave. Upon rejoining the ship I was part of a new ships company under the Command of Commander Gatacre. Included were many Ordinary Seamen just out of Flinders Naval Training. These men had joined after war ended for six years and included some of the Radar Operators. The Petty Officers were mostly RAN who had not yet finished their time or had signed on for another period. The previous Radar Mechanic had been "Nobby” Clarke whom I did not know or meet.

The Arunta was fitted with three Radar Sets. US Type S.C.4 (air warning which was not held in high regard); US Type SG (Serial no 5 surface warning with PPI indicator on bridge): RN 285 (gunnery control which had never been used to control the firing of the 4.7 inch armament which it could have done because the gunnery plot room was the preferred control centre. The Plot Room did use information from the 285). The

L.O.R.A.N. Radio Navigation System was also installed. It calculated by receiving radio signals from shore based radio transmitters a position at any time provided at least two transmitter signals were being received. Stations were located in the Pacific Ocean Area. This was only accurate to within a mile on so and not generally used except to sometimes check the ship's position calculated from dead reckoning when sun or star shots were not available because of cloud cover.

We had a shakedown cruise to Hervey Bay Queensland where night orders the day we arrived said "sea boots and lanyards" were the dress of the day for those going ashore to "shoot crocodiles" the next day. Many of the new ODs could clearly see them on the shore! Only two ODs mustered at 0600 to go ashore the next morning. Another OD complained of pains in the stomach. It transpired he was hungry- as had not eaten for several days as thought he would be sea sick. It turned out he was a "good sailor".

Returned to Sydney where training trips to sea occurred to bring the new crew up to standard. ASDIC once had a submarine to find. Gunnery and Radar a towed target (do not hit towing vessel). Torpedo and depth charge drill with both fired. Torpedo was recovered, depth charges out of time so detonated.

During this time I found the SC4 was not performing up to expectations. A detail reading of the Instruction Manual followed by a climb up to the Aerial revealed their there was a colour code mismatch between the Aerial and main set below. I duly reported my findings. Sometime later it was organised that I should inspect,

at the Naval Store in Sydney, the last of the three SC4 sets received during the war for fitting to Tribal Class Destroyers. The inspection revealed that the set then in store soon to be fitted to HMAS Bataan was also a mismatch. The Aerial to match the colour code of Arunta's main set serial number was still in a packing case allocated to the remaining set in store whose serial number had been allocated to Bataan the construction of which was at this time nearly completed. A change of Arunta's aerial then took place at Garden Island Dockyard. Warramunga it was found did have a correctly matched set and explained why during the war it was more efficient at picking up aircraft than Arunta.

COPY

SUBJECT: U.S. RADAR TYPE S.C.4 NO. 2098/597/54

FROM The Commodore Commanding H.M.A. Squadron C/G.P.O. (At SYDNEY}.

T0 The Secretary, Naval Board. (Copies to Commanding Officer H.M.A.S."ARUNTA" Supply Officer, H.M.A.S. "KUTTABUL".)

DATE 17th October,1946.

Be pleased to inform the Naval Board that the sum of £2 sterling has been allocated from the Herbert Lott Trust Efficiency Fund to Petty Officer Radio Mechanic P. Glover, Official Number 27002, of H.M.A.S. Arunta.

2. Considerable trouble had been experienced in “Arunta” with the U.5. Radar Type S.C.4 fitted, but neither Dockyard nor U.S. Naval Technicians had been able to ascertain the cause of the

trouble or effect any marked improvement in the performance of this set

3. Petty Officer Glover, who joined "ARUNTA" on 16th April, 1946, although he had had no previous experience of or instruction in this type pf set, after much hard work in learning the equipment, succeeded in locating and remedying the cause of its inefficiency.

4. It is requested that Finance Authority for this payment may be communicated.

(SGD.) JOHN C0LLINS

COMMODORE

Hopeful of studying at University of WA upon demobilisation I enrolled for a correspondence course in Calculus with the University arranged by Lieutenant Gloury at South Head. This course filled in evenings at sea but somewhat difficult because of time lag between questions and answers. No one on board was able to assist but the course was excellent.

A visit to Brisbane for the Brisbane Royal Show meant we were unable to read the "Joe Palooka" comic strip in the Daily Telegraph to find out if the bullet heading for Joe would hit him. It was then realised that our First Lieutenant's brother was none other than David McNicol who wrote a column in the paper. The war was over so a telegram was despatched asking for a report on what happened. David published it in his column and as a result three mail bags full of Telegraphs came aboard with the mail when we reached Brisbane sent by Telegraph Readers.

Another time we were escort for a RN Submarine travelling North and East of the Barrier Reef. There was a swell all the way from South America. So for several days travelling at six knots parallel with the swell thirty five degree rolls were the order of the day. Everyone just wedged themselves in some where and waited. The submarine travelled just below the swell only surfacing to charge batteries and enquire how we were faring.

Fuelling at Manus, which was a shadow of it wartime self, we saw how quickly the jungle took over. One could not see or access any of the war time buildings that were not currently being used because the tropical jungle growth had taken over. The USN had left some time ago.

Commodore Collins was to represent Australia at the Philippine Independence Day Ceremony on July 4th 1946. He travelled from Sydney in the Captain's Day Cabin and exercised his authority. Everyone in Rig of The Day, blues at first (which had all been stowed below or left in Sydney) then tropical rig which we had ready for Manila, upper and lower deck rounds (these required "shifters" to remove "dhobie tins" and the like from one deck to the other as the inspection proceeded), as well as various drills. The Skipper was very displeased so took sick on inspection day! As the Commodore and his party was about to step onto the ladder outside the Skipper's Sea Cabin from the deck below the Skipper appeared in his silk dragon monogrammed dressing gown, excused himself (having right of way on ship under his command) proceeded down the ladder to the heads while the Commodore waited!. I saw this pantomime first hand as the next stop was the Radar Equipment Cabin with a low bulkhead door where I

was waiting. No acknowledgement from the Commodore when I alerted him to mind his head not even a remark about the cabin!

Manila Bay was full of US Navy ships and our anchorage was about a mile from the landing serviced by a USN Duty Boat. The Harbour was formed by a breakwater of sunken merchant ships. The Commodore disembarked to join his Flag Ship (the name escapes me). Joe Power the Canteen Manager went ashore as Postman. He returned after several hours much the worse for wear complete with mail, many Parker 61 fountain pens and a recommendation for everyone to visit the "EIGHT BALL CLUB". Shore leave was up in the air as the order from shore was that our Shore Patrol to carry side arms. The Skipper would not agree. It was finally agreed after several exchanges of signals sheafed bayonets would be substituted.

I was made PO Shore Patrol on one day. The landing was about two to three miles from Downtown Manila ″honky tonk" area where all the action was located including ″EIGHT BALL CLUB". The brief was to count everyone back aboard and then return. Liberty Men had been warned not to drink anything unless they saw bottle opened and it was still sealed. The USN Shore Patrol had an office at the entrance to the “honky tonk" area with a wired enclosure about 20x20 feet to which we reported. The enclosure was to contain the men who had drunk “firewater", were causing a disturbance and had been apprehended. Usually they passed out after they reached the Office. By dark the enclosure had many occupants stacked like railway sleepers. At about midnight a tropical downpour resulted in two feet of

water in the streets. This caused havoc when it rushed through the enclosure. The men at the bottom having been there the longest came to first so struggled to get out from under so upset the "sleeper stack'' A mass of moving arms and legs.

When any of our men finished up non legless we or their mates took them back in a truck to the boat landing to catch next duty boat back to the ship. By 0200 all had been accounted for even the group who had been taken up by taxi to the “Mountain Night Club" away from the main city area.

There was no shore leave on Independence Day as civil unrest was expected. We had been away some six weeks and as no stores available in Manila on voyage back to Sydney we had cases of butter but no flour. At a stop for fuel a USN Submarine had the reverse position so a trade was done. It was not until the first bread was baked and served did we find, as the flour was full of weevils, if you removed these one had no bread left! One became accustomed to the taste and anyhow no other option but to eat this fare together with canned beans and the like. On reaching Sydney after the first meal everyone was “sick” especially those who had enjoyed a beer and eaten steak and eggs ashore.

During the time in Sydney a few drafts brought new faces into the mess. One was Ronnie Jones who had just come back from Japan on HMAS Baatan and joined a few days before HMAS Arunta sailed for Japan in December 1946.

A call at Port Moresby resulted in the private purchase

by our mess of a ton of sugar from Burns Phillips for trading in Japan plus a case of rum to be bonded for our Xmas party. The trading of sugar was arranged after we had been in Japan a few weeks by one of our men meeting with the "Boss of the Black Market" in the mountains outside Kure. He was away for two days. The exchange took place late on a no moon night. A craft made from a large log, powered by a small diesel engine, came alongside then a bag of sugar was lowered in a bucket after which the bucket returned with the agreed 7,000 Yen in 100 Yen notes (the price of a top grade string of Mikimoto Cultured Pearls). The exact amount was in the bucket every time. The "Black Market" in Japan at that time was tolerated. The shops had sugar at two prices. One for purchase with ration tickets the other at the prevailing black market price.

Each first dog watch as we passed through the waters between New Guinea and the Philippines the Skipper would recount the details of the Naval Battles that had occurred in these waters. These battles are probably the last naval battles that will ever occur between two opposing battle fleets consisting of battleships, cruisers, destroyers with air cover and attack from carrier based planes. The Arunta had taken part in many of them.

One middle watch the lookout saw straight ahead a line of foam on the calm moonlit sea. Radar and ASDIC had no echo. It was an uncharted reef just to the surface. The alert lookout saved the ship from what could have been a crisis if it had hit it at our Cruising speed of about 20 knots. Radar and ASDIC did pick it up when closer so as to define its size and position to report the hazard to navigation.

The War Correspondent Jack Percival was a passenger to Japan from Sydney. He was sea sick most of the way. On leaving the ship he extended and invitation to any of the crew to visit the Tokyo Correspondents' Club with entry as his guest.

We reached Sasebo the Naval Base in Kagoshima Bay at the Southern end of the Japanese Island of Kyushu just before Xmas Day 1946. Our anchorage was about seven miles from the landing at Sasebo. After an exchange of signals the Skipper made the journey to see the USN N.O.I.C. Sasebo for lunch armed with two bottles of whisky, The motor boat returned without him. About 0010 the next day the signal PSB (please send boat) received from Skipper. Upon his return in a very inebriated state his instruction was "take over Number One and proceed with care to secure alongside the sea wall adjacent to the USN Shore Signal Mast". He then retired to his sea cabin until very much later in the day. A great achievement as a walk down a gang plank and we were ashore.

Ronnie Jones was back in town and knew the place to go “The Casaba". This was supervised by the US Marine Shore Police, The Japanese Taxi Dancers arrived at opening, time 1600 and left at 2000 under Shore Police Escort. The police remained
on duty in the dance hall. A packet of twenty cigarettes could be traded for beer and another one for taxi dance tickets. A great dance band played all the latest tunes so everyone danced. A 2030 curfew was maintained in Sasebo so at 2000 it was a walk straight back aboard.

Ronnie faced a problem because he had, on the previous visit, promised one of the dancers he would return at Xmas and marry her and take her back to Australia! She greeted him with great enthusiasm and asked when the marriage could take place! The next night she was accompanied by her mother. Ronnie did not go ashore again. A storm in the Pacific had delayed the American ship bringing the Sasebo based US Forces their Xmas Supplies. We had ample and therefore Pat Swan the PO Cook and his men in the galley served a Xmas dinner to anyone in US uniform who happened to come aboard. Roast turkey with vegetables and leg ham followed by Xmas Pudding with ice cream. It was enjoyed by all.

"Slappsie" a 6ft 6 US Marine Sergeant was my guest who much to my amazement when incorrectly address by one of his men promptly deliver him a "back hander". "Slappsie" rated a jeep. After consuming about half of my bottle of Burns Phillips' (sic) rum neat he managed to reverse over the sea wall into the drink. No one was hurt and another jeep pulled it out in a matter of minutes. It was started and we were on our way.

We did several patrols from Sasebo in the Tsushima Strait between Japan and Korea. All ships were challenged as to where they were going and from whence they had come. Radar was closed up on three watches and the SG set was required all the time.
One Russian ship caused a stir as it only gave

cryptic replies to the challenge such as “from whence I came" "to my destination" and the like. Gun crews were closed up and when promised a shot across its bows with guns trained towards their ship they answered correctly. We were constantly on the move whilst in Japan. Kure, (Hiroshima and atomic bomb site visited), Yokohama (a train ride to visit Tokyo), Osaka (a bus visit organised by the American Red Cross to Kyoto), Nagasaki (ashore to see Atomic Bomb site-never mind the signs not to enter the radiation area!).

A week-end or two spent at Australian Army Sergeants Mess a short train ride South from Kure. They had a great set up as when constructed a large building to serve as a dining room and bar complete with an enormous fire place had been added as a “Foreign order" to the official plans. "Turtle" an old Japanese man looked after us all providing early morning tea and keeping the fire burning. It was like a hotel. The weather was cold with snow on the ground outside but rooms were heated by kerosene heaters which also served to heat morning shaving water.

The RN Fleet Canteen at Yokohama was like an English Pub. Every night, "Fuller San" the RN PO who organised the Japanese working parties each day was always there dressed in his pyjamas. “Yes if I wake up in my pyjamas I know I was not drunk when I went to bed". A few beers for him and we were allocated several women to look after the chores in our mess. These women were very good and cleaned as well as did the washing, mending and ironing of

clothes. They would spend their spare time looking at and talking about the pictures of the wide open spaces of the Australian Countryside that were printed in the Australian Women’s' Weekly. There were no such areas to be seen where they lived in Japan. They all wanted to come back to Australia with the ship. A Sunday was the last day before the ship left Japan. Anchored in Yokohama all these women insisted on coming aboard dressed in their Sunday best and bringing cakes for afternoon tea. As we had a make and mend this was allowed. The ordinary civilian Japanese were delightful people and had no idea what their Military had been up to during the war. All the visitors were piped ashore at dusk. Then rounds by some of the duty watch to ensure no stowaways. A search of our mess located one of the women curled up in a cupboard-she wanted to come to Australia but was out of luck. She was sent ashore in tears.

The large mural about twenty feet high on the side of a dockside night club in Yokahama advertising “Huji Fuju the Harry James of Japan" showing the Japanese man and his trumpet in the Harry James pose was indicative of the attitude of the civilians.

There was a very catching tune sung in Japanese which was being played everywhere. When it was eventually translated by General McArthur's men it was banned. The song contained the words". ... The big red American apple with the rotten core ……”

Penicillin was in demand by civilians. One of the radar operators, after we all had some inoculation by

needles, salvaged the injection phials filled them with water sealed them and low and behold he had Phials of "Penicillin". He went ashore up to an area of Tokyo which had been flattened by bombing and had no trouble in selling his
wares. He told me about this great sale whereupon I pointed out to him the error of' his ways as some innocent Japanese would die if injected with his "Penicillin". The next day with him I retraced his steps and he refunded the money and destroyed the phials much to the annoyance of the Japanese who had purchased it to resell at a profit.
Exercises with USN as part of a Destroyer Flotilla were interesting as Radio Voice Communications were used exclusively. The flotilla call sign was "Rattlesnake Farmyard" and at a command all the five ships change course at the same time. Radar was closed up and operators on their toes. The performance of the RN 285 Gunnery Control System was also checked out and matched with that calculated by the Control Room and found to be quicker and more accurate especially at speed in regards to changing range and bearings. Once when duty ship in Yokohama it was despatched with a medical doctor to take him to the aid of a man on a merchant man some 400 miles East. As duty ship two boilers were always warmed up so these were put on line for the maximum two boiler speed. The sea was reasonably calm and swell low so when the third boiler was on line our speed was about thirty six knots. The stern was down and the bow wave vas several feet above the deck of the forecastle. It was quite a sight. The ship vibrated and the plates of the bow area as seen from the Torpedomens' mess deck were “oil caning" (a bit like Rolf Harris' board). We reached the

merchantman and after the doctor was transferred by flying fox return to port at a more fuel economical speed (we may have refuelled at sea from a tanker despatched for that purpose).

Shopping ashore resulted in many Noritake dinner sets and strings of imitation pearls as well as genuine Mikimoto being purchased. The shops would hold and pack the dinner sets for delivery to the designated boat landing. We were very rarely alongside. My purchase in Yokohama of a dinner set was delivered to the American centre across the bay where we had to collect our mail. On the particular day arranged for the pick up, the ship arrived in the late afternoon. It was snowing and very cold. To pick up my purchase I was postman as no one else went ashore which required about a half hour trip in the open harbour duty boat. The centre also served as an American Recreation Centre. It had a huge stone open fire place opposite to which was a trap door to enable a pine tree trunk to be fed into the fire. It was nice and warm in this area despite the need to step over the two foot diameter log to get from one end to the other. I arrived back aboard all covered in snow and very cold but with the mail and my dinner set. My mother eventually used this set for years so the trip was worth while.

The father of one of the crew had traded with Japan before the war and the Japanese salesman had been to his Sydney home. The Able Seaman had the address in Hiroshima of the salesman so he went to the address and the family still lived there. They had survived the atomic bomb and now lived in a makeshift shanty as did all the other survivors. This address was a regular

ashore call for a cup of coffee and to give them cigarettes, chocolate and the like. On one such visit the Japanese family produced a packaged present for the Able Seaman. Upon opening it once back on board it was found to be a fine bone china coffee set. Upon research it was found to be about four hundred years old and must have been a family treasure.

On the trip down to Sydney after handing over to my relief a Radar PO who had signed on for six years (his name I am unable to recall) I became a supernumerary. To fill in time I embarked on a "learn to touch type course" using the Radio Office typewriter. I was progressing but on reaching Perth as then unable to buy a typewriter unable to continue and have yet to master the art.

On IOth April 1947 I celebrated my 22nd Birthday at sea.

On arrival in Sydney on 21st April 1947 I immediately disembarked so as to catch the night train to Melbourne en route to HMAS Leeuwin for demobilisation vide DDN 16/47, The university year had started so I was hell bent on starting in 1947 and not having to wait until 1948. This I was able to do.

Upon leaving Arunta the Skipper bad me farewell with the "invitation if there is another war he would welcome me back to look after the radar on any ship he was on" as well as previously providing me with the reference as below. I was very flattered.

IN REPLY PLEASE QUOTE
No._____

Royal <u>Australian</u> Navy

H.M.A.S. "ARUNTA"
en route JAPAN to SYDNEY
19th April,1947

TO WHOM IT MAY CQNCERN

Petty Officer Radio Mechanic Peter GLOVER, O.N.27002, has served in H.M.A. Ship "ARUNTA" under my command for approximately twelve months

During this time he was responsible for the maintenance and efficient working of the Admiralty and American radar and radio equipment, including L.O.R.A.N., fitted in the ship.

He discharged this responsibility with outstanding success, being at all times conscientious, capable and hardworking in his duties.

In addition to being a very capable technician, Petty Officer Glover proved himself a reliable Petty Officer of excellent character and bearing.

G. Gatacre
COMMANDER R.A.N.
COMMANDING OFFICER

THE PREVIOUS 18 PAGES AS SENT BY GEORGE STEVENS AS FILE W504 ON 29th APRIL HAVE BEEN CORRECTED BY PETER GLOVER ON 2nd MAY 2005

George please check spelling of "Reches" Pilsiner and "Finschafen" as unable to find confirmation of correct spelling.
The letter from Gatacre is not signed. I assume it did not reproduce well enough so it has been retyped. I am sending under separate e-Mail what may be a signed

copy as would like it included instead of unsigned. As it is a reference no problem unless Navy Office object.